

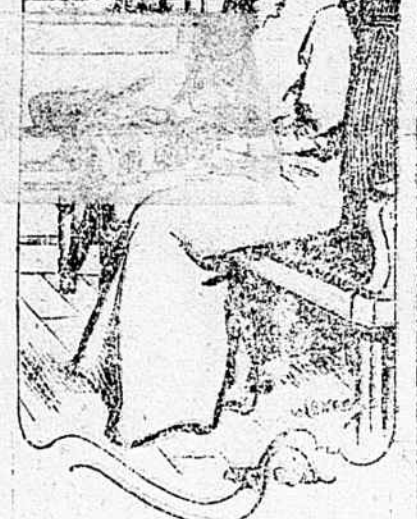


Her Thanksgiving Pie

"I HOPE he'll like it," said Ruth Harkness to herself as she put the seasoning into the rich mince pie she was making. There was one she held an old-fashioned green edged scalloped plate in her hand and looked at it thoughtfully—yes, there was just meat enough for one more pie. She would sprinkle it full of whole raisins, carefully stoned, and a clove stuck in each one, and she would put a little butter in—just a little, lest it might not be rich enough—and about a spoonful of brown sugar, to make it extra sweet and dark, and then she would save it—she knew for what. It was only that perhaps John Prouty would come around on Thanksgiving evening.

John was always fond of mince pies, as she remembered perfectly well, and now his mother was dead, and he was living at Uncle James', and Aunt James Prouty had rheumatism, and altogether there was not much prospect for John to have any Thanksgiving unless he came there for it.

And so Thanksgiving day came, and there were uncles and cousins and friends of all parties by dozens and dozens gathered beneath Farmer Harkness' hospitable roof, and in the cool gray twilight, as Ruth fitted back and forward, always intent on some busy mission, she was watching down the lane for John. She would know his broad shoulders and his well worn brown suit, and even as she watched they came in sight—they and a bright plaid cloak which belonged to



she moved a soft ray at the bottom of the window-pane from the outside. Ruth set her teeth together and went on.

So that was where John was going for Thanksgiving—just as he had been up there earlier that year, and thinking that girl didn't know that John Prouty's was no more than a farm for him and she didn't know that. Well, she hoped he'd have a pleasant time. As for that present she bought at the ready-made store, she was sure it was of overgrown size and color, and she would give it to the next time she saw it. What she'd do with it, nobody was to know, but it was hers.

Then as she looked at the party that had given her so much pleasure and so much disappointment she said she'd give it to old Ma'am Jefferson, down the valley. She was living there alone, lonesome-like, and it would make her Thanksgiving day happier to know that somebody thought of her up there on the hill.

So when the elder and cooler were brought and everybody was busy enough around the kitchen fire and in the next big square sitting room Ruth stole out with the pie in her hand, folded in a white towel, and, slipping lightly across the fields, she knocked at the door of the little cottage where Ma'am Jefferson lived alone, but received no answer. The latchstring was hanging out. She pushed it gently to rattle the latch, but still hearing no sound from within, she pushed the door open and entered. No one was there, but a big Bible lay open on the stand, and the iron bowed spectacles were upon it. Ma'am Jefferson had evidently been called away in a hurry, probably to see some sick neighbor. Ruth said to herself, and she would be glad to find some trace of loving thoughtfulness when she returned.

Then Ruth wrote a little note, said from the feelings that oppressed her, not kindly from the wealth of her own kind heart, and left it with the pie.

"There's—many up at our house," the note said, "and I can't wait until you come back, aunt, but I have put the teakettle over the fire and set the tea drawing, and I hope you will find everything warm and comfortable."

Hours and hours Ruth sat alone by the kitchen fire waiting for the last sound of life to die out in the house that she might take up the cubers and lock the doors, for she was a notable housekeeper, this brave young girl, and took her mother's place as far as possible in all things.

But while she was sitting alone by the kitchen fire she heard a soft rap at the window, and, looking up, she saw John's face in the moonlight, earnest and smiling as he beckoned to her. In the instant the thought flashed over her, proud and decorous Yankee girl that she was, that he had been spending the evening with Miss Gregory, and it was worse than impertinent for him to call there on his way home. She would not answer his summons. She thought he would go away, and so he did—from the window, but only to come quietly in at the door.

Sitting down on the settee beside her, he spread his hands over the dying embers to warm them and said, with a slight shiver:

"It is chilly out tonight, Ruth, and I have been thinking of you."

She turned up her nose a little at this; but, dreading to hear anything more that she would think was false, she told him very quietly:

"I saw you go down the lane with Miss Gregory early this evening. I should think it most likely that you had been thinking of her since then."

John turned and looked at her, lots of fun brimming up in his brown eyes. But when he saw how tired and sad she looked he answered her gently:

"No, little girl, I have been thinking of you, as I said, and the last thing I did before coming here was to drink a cupful of tea and eat a piece of pie of your making. While I drank the tea I was thinking—no doubt it will sound foolish to you—but I was thinking how every one of those little grains had been cuddled in the palm of your hand as you measured them out, and the pie was as sweet as though you had stirred the mince with your finger before putting it between the crusts."

Ruth was laughing and blushing at his foolish words, and he, enjoying her confession, put up one hand and drew her head down on his shoulder.

"I don't know what you mean," she said presently. "I haven't turned cook for Miss Gregory."

"No," he interrupted her. "I forgot that you didn't know where I had been. Tom Gregory was thrown from a cart tonight, and they thought his leg was broken. His sister came across lots for me to go down there and see what I could do for him. We didn't like to stop at your house for help, because you had so much company, so we went and got Ma'am Jefferson and took her over with us. We made the boy as comfortable as we could, and she said no bones were broken. So then I went home with her, and there was the fire your care had brightened, and the tea and the pie."

The girl's heart was beating very fast as John said, "My Thanksgiving will be complete, Ruth, if you will promise to be my wife."

After they were married she told him that the pie had been made on purpose for him.



A Thanksgiving Song

By ANNETTE KOHN, in Independent

All our days
We give thee praise,
O God, who holdest in Thy hand
And didst exalt and bless our land
And gavest it from sea to sea
To all embracing liberty.
We give thee praise
All our days.

For the golden glow of the orange tree,
For the purple grapes, for the honeybee,
For the waving plumes of the yellow grain,
For the glorious sunshine and for the rain,
The coal in the mine, the ore in the hill,
The throb of the engine, the whistles shrill,
The fire of the forge and the anvil's ring,
For the tinkling phone and the cable string,
The whir of the loom, the clack of the mill,
For the auto's speed and the airship's thrill,
For the horse of flame on the road of steel
And the wireless voice that makes loud appeal.

For our busy marts and our busy streets,
Where the white, black, brown and yellow men meet;
For the strong true arm of the workman brave,
For our churches and schools with power to save,
For hearts of our women, brains of our men,
For the laureled harvest of brush and pen,
For the wealth of herds on the prairie wide,
For the new homes rising on every side,
For the law that shields where our flag is unfurled,
For peace in our land and with all the world,
For our mighty name, in all men's sight,
The pledge we must walk for aye in thy light,
All our days
We give thee praise.

NO REASON FOR IT

When Alexandria Citizens Show a Way.

There can be no reason why any reader of this who suffers the tortures of an aching back, the annoyance of urinary disorders, the pains and dangers of kidney ills will fail to heed the words of a neighbor who has found relief. Read what an Alexandria citizen says:

William H. Beach, 417 S. Lee St., Alexandria, says: "My back pained me so badly that I could hardly get about. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and during the night I had to get up every little while. I felt so sore and stiff in the morning that I could hardly get out of bed. I was tired and languid and had no ambition to do anything. I finally got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at W. F. Creighton and Son's Drug Store and the first few doses gave me relief. I used about four boxes and they put my kidneys in good condition. My back never aches now and I feel first-class in every way."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Smith had, Foster Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

TURKEY ROASTER

FREE—This roaster free with one pound can A & P Famous Baking Powder 50c

<p>2 checks With one lb.</p> <p>Jessie Coffee in U. S. for the price.</p>	<p>3 checks With one lb.</p> <p>A Coffee for the Epicure</p>	<p>3 checks With one lb.</p> <p>A coffee with a Reputation</p>
---	--	--

Good Coffee a lb. 20c

NUTS	CANDY
Mixed Nuts lb. 15c	Chocolate Drops lb. 12c
Paper Shell Almonds lb. 23c	Dixie Creams lb. 10c
Drake Almonds lb. 18c	American Mixed lb. 10c
Soft Shell Walnuts lb. 23c	Caramels lb. 12c
Imported Walnut lb. 15c	Peanut Brittle lb. 10c
Large Brazils lb. 18c	Broken Candy lb. 10c
Naple Filberts lb. 16c	

Fancy Selected

Eggs a doz. 30c

Thanksgiving Delicacies

We have many things to be thankful for, and most of all, thankful that an A & P Store is near you, so that you can save from 25 to 30 Per Cent on each dollar you spend with us. Every Article Guaranteed Strictly Pure. Our store has been stocked with the Choicest of Holiday Delicacies, and we have made Special Reductions.

Pumpkin or Squash can	10c
Malaga Grapes lb.	15c
Prunes 40-50's lb.	15c
Currants pkg.	15c
Cranberries lb.	10c
R&R PLUM PUDDING	
Ind can 10c, No. 1 cin 23c, No. 2 can 43c	

Butter alb.	34c
Dates Dromedary pkg	10c
Figs in Boxes a box	10c

Free Delivery

BELL PHONE 277
HOME PHONE 171
527 KING STREET

Thursday, Friday and Saturday OPERA HOUSE Thursday Matinee 3 p. m.



Jackson and Andrews Musical Comedy Company
12 People 12
Good Singers and Dancers
Clean Bright Musical Comedy
EVERYBODY COME, PRICES 10c and 15c

Everything for the Thanksgiving Table. Fancy home dressed Turkeys, 28 cents per pound. Grimes Golden Apples and Winesaps, 10 cents per quarter peck. Grape fruit 5 cents each. J. M. Pettit, Jr. 605 King street.

VIRGINIA.
In the Clerk's Office of the Corporation, on the 8th day of November, 1915.

Edgar R. Troxell and J. N. Thomas, Complainants

vs.
Capital City Telephone Company, of Alexandria, Virginia, and the Central Trust Company of Maryland, Trustee, Defendants.

Memo. The object of this suit is to marshal the assets of the said Company and ascertain its debts, the liens, if any, and their priorities, and all other indebtedness that may be due by the said Company to anyone, and to finally administer and wind up the affairs of the said Company, and to dissolve the same.

It appearing by an affidavit filed in this cause that the defendants Central Trust Company of Maryland, Trustee is a non-resident of this State; it is ordered, that said defendant appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect its interest in this suit, and that a copy of this order be forthwith inserted in the Alexandria Gazette a newspaper published in the city of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this city.

A copy teste.
NEVELL S. GREENAWAY, Clerk.
Samuel P. Fisher, P. Q.

Salt Water Oysters At The Ram-Mel Cafe.

Citizens National Bank
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA
Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$160,000

Savings Depositors will kindly present their books for credit of Semi-Annual Interest.

Start a Savings Account today. Every deposit marks the path of your advancement.

Alexandria National Bank
CAPITAL \$100,000.00

We are prepared to handle the accounts of firms, corporations and individuals, who may rely upon courteous consideration and the very best terms that are consistent with good business methods.

OFFICERS
Judge C. E. Nicol, President,
W. B. Smoot, Vice-President,
J. L. Perry, Cashier

Reach Down in that Old Bottom Drawer

and get out a fresh pipeful of U. S. MARINE. Man, that's tobacco satisfaction for you! Just like old times, ain't it—when you used to work outside, before you took the inside job. And the old U. S. MARINE habit is a mighty good habit, too.

A sweet, juicy chew or rich, fragrant smoke of ripe Kentucky tobacco, aged for three to five years to bring out all the mellowness and smoothness—that's

U.S. MARINE Cut Plug Tobacco



U. S. MARINE is an honest, healthful, pure tobacco for men who like their chewing or smoking to have a solid satisfaction to it. You get tobacco hungry lots of times, and no insipid "hash" will come anywhere near suiting you.

You must have your U. S. MARINE. It's as satisfying as a square meal—the standby of the he-boys with vigor and vim in them.

A week's trial will prove that U. S. MARINE can keep right on satisfying you, day after day. Then you will keep right on using U. S. MARINE.

Sold everywhere in 5c packages.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY